

THE MAN.

NO. 65—VOL. III.

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PRICE ONE CENT.

(From Madame Junot's Memoirs of Celebrated Women.)
MARYNA MNISZCH.

The adventures of this extraordinary Polish lady belong to the romance of biography. Her father was an ambitious man, whose ruling passion was flattered by a fortune-teller predicting that his daughter, then a child, should wear a crown. From that moment, the idea took possession of his brain: and he not only anticipated the fulfilment of the prediction, but had his daughter reared up in the expectation of her high destiny. It is scarcely to be wondered that the girl also became inoculated with this fever of ambition; but that they should have accomplished the object for which alone they lived is strange. Their diseased aspirations found a congenial subject in the person of an impostor, who pretended to be Dmitry, the murdered son of Ivan the Fourth; with whom the father of Maryna contracted his daughter in marriage, on condition of his obtaining the usurped throne of Muscovy. The artificial sympathy which these two deluded creatures entertained for each other, ripened into a strong natural affection; and the overthrow of the usurper and the accession of the pretended rightful heir to the throne of Ivan, realized their dreams of greatness. Their felicity was, however, short lived. So soon as the usurper's fate was sealed, doubts were raised as to the legitimacy of the claims of the new Czar; his pretensions would not bear scrutiny; plots were formed against him, and the unhappy man was murdered in the Kremlin. The subsequent career of his widow affords an extraordinary instance of the predominance of the ruling passion. On her way to her native country, she was captured by the troops of a man who, they stated, was her supposed murdered husband, recovered from his wounds. Being led into his presence, she was struck with amazement and disgust, at beholding a loathsome, vile, and ill-looking Jew—a brute, from whose violence she had formerly rescued a young and helpless maiden. The wretch, stimulated only by the desire of gain, and encouraged by the success of her husband, had proclaimed himself the murdered Czar; who was thus represented to have twice miraculously escaped the daggers of his enemies. The very extravagance of his pretensions seems to have aided his success; or the people were so eager for a Czar that they grasped at the shadow of a sovereign. The Jew was at the gates of Moscow, backed by a victorious band of followers; and only wanted the assistance of Maryna to accomplish his object.

Urged by her father's entreaties, and stimulated by her own thirst for power, she consented to be a party of the trick, and publicly acknowledged the hateful Jew as her identical husband. She soon found, however, that the impostor sought money only, and not command, and that he had seized upon the vacant throne only to sell his abdication. This she resolved, if possible, to prevent. Scornfully upbraiding him, she said, "Thou shalt either reign or die;" and kept a strict guard upon all his movements. At last, in the confusion of a battle that ensued, the wretch contrived to escape, but Maryna, now mad for sovereignty, disguised herself as a soldier, pursued, and brought him back. In defence of her throne, she performed prodigies of valor, but was at length taken and condemned to death. The very night before her intended execution, she was liberated by one of her countrymen, who had loved her from a youth, and had followed her through all the vicissitudes of fortune. She became his wife, and at the same time mistress of a horde of Cossacks, of which he was the chieftain. Not contented with a predatory rule, she planned and achieved the conquest of Astracan; where, for a short time, she once more reigned over a kingdom. But here, too, her power was of short duration; she was attacked and defeated by the Russians in a pitched battle; and, escaping only with life, wandered with her husband and infant over the frozen steeps of the Ural Mountains; where the miserable group perished by the hands of a troop of soldiers, and found a grave in the snowy

desert. History does not furnish a more fearful lesson upon the miseries of a false ambition than in the life of this wretched woman; who, but for her father's folly, might have equally adorned the world by her talents and her beauty.

From the Knickerbocker, for November.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII: By author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' etc. Two vols. 12 mo.

This latest production of the author of Pelham, is destined, we believe, to take rank with the best of his works. As the volumes have not yet been published, we must content ourselves with such a reference to them as may convey a partial foretaste of their contents.

The pencil that drew the more touching scenes of Eugene Aram, is visible in the annexed extract, which introduces two lovers in a "course of wooing," and hints at the vicissitudes which are afterwards described with such thrilling effect:

"Meanwhile Glaucus sought the house of the beautiful Neapolitan. He found Ione sitting amidst her attendants who were at work around her. Her harp stood at her side, for Ione herself was unusually idle, perhaps unusually thoughtful, that day. He thought her even more beautiful by the morning light, and in her simple robe, than amidst the blazing lamps, and decorated with the costly jewels of the previous night;—not the less so from a certain paleness that overspread her transparent hues—not the less so from the blush that mounted over them when he approached. Accustomed to flatter, flattery died upon his lips when he addressed Ione. He felt it beneath her to utter the homage which every look conveyed. They spoke of Greece; this was a theme on which Ione loved rather to listen than to converse; it was a theme on which the Greek could have been eloquent forever. He described to her the silver groves that yet clad the banks of Ilyssus, and the temples, already despoiled of half their glories—but how beautiful in decay! He looked back on the melancholy city of Harmodius the free, and Pericles the magnificent, from the height of that distant memory, which all the ruder and darker shades were mellowed into light. He had seen the land of poetry chiefly in the poetical age of early youth; and the associations of patriotism were blended with those of the flush and spring of life. And Ione listened to him, absorbed and mute; dearer were those accents, and those descriptions, than all the prodigal adulation of her numberless adorers. Was it a sin to love her countryman? she loved Athens in him—the gods of her race, the land of her dreams, spoke to her in his voice! From that time they daily saw each other. At the cool of the evening, they made excursions on the placid sea. By night they met again in Ione's porticoes and halls. Their love was sudden, but it was strong; it filled all the sources of their life. Heart—brain—sense—imagination—all were its ministers and priests. As you take some obstacle from two objects that have a mutual attraction—they meet, and united at once; their wonder was, that they had lived separate so long; and it was natural that they should so love. Young, beautiful, and gifted—of the same birth and the same souls; there was poetry in their very union. They imagined the heavens smiled upon their affection. As the persecuted seek refuge at the shrine, so they recognised in the altar of their love an asylum from the sorrows of earth; they covered it with flowers—they knew not of the serpents that lay coiled behind."

"After a description of the arts of the Egyptian Arabes in pouring the 'leprous distilment' of slander and suspicion into the ears of the beautiful Ione concerning her lover, the author remarks—

"It is not without interest to observe in those remote times, and under a social system so widely different from the modern—the same small causes that ruffle and interrupt the 'course of life,' which operate so commonly at this day; the same inventive jealousy, the cunning slander, the same crafty and fabricated retailings of petty gossip, which so often

now suffice to break the ties of the truest love, and counteract the tenor of circumstances most apparently propitious.—When the bark sails on over the smoothest wave, the fable tells us of the diminutive fish that can cling to the keel and arrest its progress—so is it ever with the great passions of mankind—and we should paint the life but ill, if, even in times the most prodigal of romance of which we most largely avail ourselves, we did not also delineate the mechanism of those trivial and household springs of mischief which we see every day at work in our chambers and at our hearths. It is in these, the lesser intrigues of life, that we mostly find ourselves at home with the past."

To this charming digression, we add the following, taken from a description of the heroine:

"No one ever possessed superior intellectual qualities without knowing them. The alternation of modesty and merit is pretty enough, but where merit is great, the veil of that modesty you admire never disguises its extent from its possessor. It is the proud consciousness of certain qualities that it cannot reveal to the every-day world, that gives to genius that shy, and reserved, and troubled air, which puzzles and flatters you when you encounter it. Do not deceive yourself, vain worldling, by the thought that the embarrassed manner of your great man is a sign that he does not know his superiority to you!—that which you take for modesty is but the struggle of self-esteem. He knows but too oppressively how immeasurably greater he is than you, and is only disconcerted, because, in the places you encounter him, he finds himself suddenly descended to your level. He has not conversation—he has not thoughts—he has not intercourse with such as you."

TALKING FRENCH.—The following humorous examination of some British tars taken prisoners by the French, is from "Leaves of My Log Book:—
"Comment vous appelez-vous?" inquired the French officer, addressing a thorough old tar of the Smollett school; "Comment vous appelez-vous?" "Ax the marine, there," replied the veteran; "I no parley ferstan, but the Jollies all speak Dutch." "Non, non, mon ami," returned the Frenchman; "I no mean dusch—I no mean the contree—your appelez—Sacre! Comment vous nomez-vous?" "Nummy woo! Who the — do you call nummy woo?" exclaimed the seaman angrily, and taking a severe turn with his quid; "I wants no purser's ammunitions consarns to pass muster. My name's Zachariah Winchbolt." "Jacka—Jacka Quoi?" inquired the officer; "Mon Dieu! le diable catch your nom, Jacka Quoi! Dites donc!" "Jacky Quaw? You be —," replied the old tar; "I wish my ould mother could hear you call me so, and me to be named a commander in chief at Jerusalem. Jacky Quaw, indeed! — my eyes, but she'd quaw you, old chap—my name's Zachariah." "Zhack-a-rire—c'est! bon," said the Frenchman, laughing heartily, in which he was joined by his attendants. "Notre nom me fait rire en verite. Zhackarire—c'est drole! Mais de order nom, mon ami?" "The other name, mount-seer?" reiterated the tar; "why it's Winchbolt, at your service." "Eh bien, mon ami," returned the Frenchman, "Vinachebout." Then addressing his secretary or clerk, "Depechez vous—mettez—Zhackarire Vinachebout." Then turning to the seaman, he continued, "Quel est le lieu de votre naissance?" "I'm blessed if this arnt a cut above my education," exclaimed Winchbolt. "I say, Jem, can't you unlay the strands of it for me, and twist up again into twice laid?" "Why, in regard o' the matter o' that," replied the man addressed, (an old boatswain's mate.) "it's a long while since I larnt the languages, but howsomever, I'll try my hand at it—Quoi vous havy beswoin mouniseer?" "Le lieu de sa naissance," answered the Frenchman. "He wants the loo of your nazeoux, Zach," said the boatswain's mate, "which, as he seems to be logging down your marks and fashion pieces, I takes him to mean the length o' your nose."

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14.

ANOTHER PROPOSED MONOPOLY AND NUISANCE.—The Evening Post of yesterday contains a notice that application will be made to the Legislature at its next session, for the passage of an act of incorporation for a charter for a rail road on 6th Avenue of this city, including Broadway, and such other streets as may meet the approbation and consent of the corporation. The publication of this notice, at this time, before the thunders of public denunciation against ALL monopolies, which shook the political heavens during the late great and decisive battle between the People and Monopoly Aristocrats, are yet stilled, is an insult to the free electors of this city, we were not prepared to expect. Do the intended applicants for this proposed nuisance think that the recent expression of public sentiment on this subject is but an amply sound, that they so early throw the gauntlet of defiance at its power? Do they imagine that expression was "a mere idiot's tale—full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," that they select one of the most favorite bulwarks of the People from which to blow their trump of insult and arrogance? Wofully are they mistaken; and most truly does the high-minded and dauntless Sentinel of that bulwark observe, that "the legislature cannot be brought to entertain it. Should any member of that body have the effrontery to step forward as the advocate of railroad incorporations, or any other incorporations whatever, we promise him that his name and conduct shall be held up to the execration of the democracy in the very strongest terms of censure which our knowledge of language will enable us to employ. We trust we have arrived at the ultima Thule of monopoly legislation, and that the next step will be, not to advance, but to recede. When the business of banking shall be left free as any other business; when manufacturing business, railroad speculations, bridge speculations, and all things of the sort, are left to the free competition of capital and enterprise, wherever found; when, in short, a system of perfect free-trade in all things shall take the place of the present system of monopoly, restrictions, and exclusive privileges—then, indeed, will this country be a prosperous and happy country—then will the producing classes be able to obtain a just reward for their toil, and then will our government present an example to the world which it may well admire and imitate."

BRANCH DRAFTS.—The character and effects of that species of illegal bank paper issued by the U. S. Bank, known as Branch Drafts, "because the President of the Mother Mammoth couldn't write his name fast enough on promises to pay," were so thoroughly exposed by Mr. Senator Benton, in his Herculean expositions of last winter, and which were universally read, that it is not necessary here to recapitulate them. It is our purpose here merely to state, that a few days since the Secretary of the Treasury issued circulars to the Customs and Land Offices, directing that after the 1st of January next these drafts are not to be received in payment of duties, or for public lands. As in duty bound, the stipendiary organs of the Mammoth, and their supple echoes, have opened wide their throats to give vent to their stomachful denunciations of the Administration on account of this order;—the cause will readily be found in the ultimate effect of the measure, which is, to protect the country and the State Banks against the expansions and contractions of the Bank of the United States, and will prepare that institution gradually for that dissolution which awaits even this mammoth of monied monopolies. If, as is supposed by the Globe, these branch drafts amount to \$7,413,872, then it is evident there must be a gradual and certain curtailment of the present dis-

counts of the Bank of the United States, which, on the 1st of October last, amounted to \$46,006,498 45, and which will leave her by the 4th of March, 1835, a line of discount of little more than her capital of \$35,000,000.

IF An excellent and even-tempered body is our friend of the Boston Daily Reformer. The equanimity of a spirited and indefatigable politician, who under such circumstances can thus record an overwhelming and aggravating, though expected, defeat, is truly enviable. He says: "We have met the enemy, and they are—not ours. Our 'glorious victory' of yesterday, was a whig triumph. We are pretty considerably rowed up the celebrated Salt River—have navigated the stream higher than usual. It has been a voyage of interest, and we intend to claim the territory by right of first discovery."

WIG POLES.—For sale cheap, to close a concern, fifteen Wig Poles, but little used and as good as new. They were all made to order, but not being of Hickory, were found not to answer the purpose intended. The purchaser will be required to remove them before the Spring Election, when the ground will be wanted for some new Gull Trap, that, it is hoped, will prove more effective in its operation. Apply to the Wig Standing Committee, late of Masonic Hall.

P. S. A few stray Eagles, and disguised Liberty Caps, wanting owners, may be heard of at the same place.

From the Newport, R. I. Republican.
Senates and Judges have been bought for Gold!
Esteem and love were never to be sold.—Pope.

Never has it fallen to our lot to present to our readers, the account of a more brilliant and decisive victory than that achieved by the democracy of the Empire State, over the Torywig Bank party, at the late election. We feel, as every friend to the laws and constitution of our country must feel, overjoyed at this splendid triumph of republicanism and sound principles. Notwithstanding the tremendous efforts of the mammoth Monster and its reckless blood-stained partizans, to coerce the people from their duty by bribery and threats—notwithstanding all the panic, pressure, "war, pestilence and famine" speeches of a desperate and renegade senatorial cabal—notwithstanding the predictions of disappointed ambition, that desolation and ruin would inevitably follow the triumph of Republican measures:—the democracy of the State of New York have spoken in a voice of thunder whose resounding echoes will reach the remotest nook of this widely extended domain. In what light do the late elections of the different states place those impudent brawlers of the Senate, whose grossly fabricated representations of the state of the country, have been so industriously circulated for political effect? In what light do they place those purchased editors, who have again and again, wilfully attempted to deceive the public, by publishing false statements and barefaced forgeries? The people have now spoken for themselves in a voice not to be misunderstood—they have given the lie direct to these recreant senators and Bank-bribed printers; who, stripped of their lion's garb, are now before the public in their naked deformity, convicted and condemned, the victims of their own disgraceful conduct and heedless profligacy.

Our federal friends were much disappointed and not a little sorry at the result of the New York election, an account of which was received in this town by the night mail of Friday. Two of our near neighbors found their pockets minus—the one fifty and the other ten dollars in consequence of bets which their zeal for *bankism*, and delusion by federal falsehoods had induced them to make. We have been told also that cartridges were prepared in order to fire a federal salute of 100 guns upon the reception of the New York news—so confident were they of a bank triumph. But the news came, and federal powder would not burn. The Democrats, however, commiserating the feelings of the federalists, and pitying the "elongated" appearance of their faces, thought best that they should not be deprived of the cheering sounds of the salute, they accordingly made preparations and at 12 o'clock on Saturday our Glorious Triumph was proclaimed from the Hill near the

Academy; and as the continued roar of cannon reverberated through the village, the faces of the Bankites were not to be seen, and their dinners of that day were committed to stomachs burthened with unpleasant feelings.—Dover, N. H. Gazette.

(From the Kentucky Sentinel)

The following is an extract from the prospectus of the Western Observer, a spirited and useful paper, published at Richmond, in this state:

"The time is coming when the people will again have to decide who shall succeed our present Chief Magistrate—who shall preside over the political destinies of this vast Republic. Of the candidates already spoken of, we of course have a choice, and in making this choice, party feeling has had the smallest possible influence on our minds. The Hero of the Thames, Col. RICHARD M. JOHNSON, Kentucky's boasted son, stands first with us, and we believe, first in the hearts of his countrymen. His elevation to the Presidency, we confidently believe, would be attended with the best of consequences. No other man, in our opinion, could be better calculated to allay the bitter animosity, that much lamented strife, which at this time exists between the two great political parties of the Union. He has always been the poor man's friend, the protector and guardian of the widow and orphan, and solicitor and advocate for the decrepid and war worn soldier. During the late war, he gallantly defended his country against the combined forces of an internal and foreign foe, and since that time he has stood first in the councils of our nation, and still continues the same ardent and devoted friend to his country, and firm and undeviating supporter of the Constitution and Laws."

(From the Albany Argus.)

DESERTERS SHOT!

To the Major General, commanding in chief:

I hasten to report to you the proceedings of a Court Martial holden before the people, for the trial of sundry deserters. The result is as follows, with the number of shots for each:

Erastus Root, of Delaware, 1,700 shots.
Victory Birdseye, of Onondaga, 1,300 shots.
Dudley Selden, of New York, 2,400 shots.
Gulian C. Verplank, of New York, 2,400 shots.
William Sampson, of New York, 2,400 shots.
Ogden Hoffman, of New York, 2,400 shots.
John B. Scoles, of New York, 2,400 shots.
Isaac Van Duzer, of Orange, 900 shots.
Aaron Remer, of Yates, 2,000 shots.
Silas M. Stilwell, of New York, 14,000 shots.
John Jas. Speed, of Tompkins, 1,300 shots.

Many others have been tried and sentenced—particulars in future orders. "The prisoners died a dreadful death." Vox POPULI, Adjutant.

The following has been communicated to us, says the National Intelligencer, by the medical gentleman who attended the wounded man:

A striking instance of (what we seldom see) a disposition in that noble animal, the horse, to attack man, occurred in this city a day or two since. The sufferer, although repeatedly warned of the dangerous character of the animal, took hold of the bridle for the purpose of mounting him, when the horse suddenly seized with his mouth the wrist of his right arm, and after having literally dragged him some distance, threw him down and trampled on him, until he was beaten off by the blows and exertions of the bystanders. The arm was so dreadfully lacerated and fractured, as to make immediate amputation necessary.

As soon as the operation was completed, the patient, who is a poor but jolly son of the Emerald Isle, set those around him in a roar of laughter, by breaking out in those lines of Horace—

"Quam sibi sortem,
Sen ratio dederit, sen fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat."

"But who the devil," he added, "could be 'contentus' with such a 'sortem' as mine is at present?"

A letter has been received at N. Orleans from a passenger on board the Missouri Belle, now up the coast, which was run foul of and sunk in the Mississippi on the 24th ult. who states that the number of persons on board the boat was about 120, and it is supposed at least 30 of them were drowned. How many cabin passengers were saved is unknown—but report says not more than one. Two women and three children are among the number lost.

WARNER—Landscape, Room, Sign and Transparency, Painter—4 Doyer street—Chatham Square, au. 0 tf

SPORTING SONG.

Love is just like a Race Ground—it is by my soul—
Where losses or gains may betide us;
We men are the Racers, and Marriage the Goal,
And Cupid the Jockey to ride us.

To start in the race 'gainst a nymph that is old,
May prove or a gain or an evil;
She's an angel—though ugly—if freighted with gold,
But if saddled with debts—she's a devil.

The wisest or best, in this dangerous Course,
Have oft been detected in tripping;
For the curb of discretion oft fails in its force,
When the passions are spurring and whipping.

There remains but one point of resemblance to trace,
Which the ladies oft find in a lover,
He's eager and warm whilst he strives in the Race,
But the heat, when he wins it, is over.

On board Steamer President, {
off Huntington Light, Nov. 7.

Good bye to New York and to New York politics,
to her whigs and her Tories, her little frigates and
salutes, and let the mind have a little rest. I am
now on my way to the East; and am honored with
the society of the Honorable Mr. Poindexter, the
lion of the South and the chief gladiator of the day.
He is well, and if I had a sentiment to offer I should
imitate Fanny Kemble, and cry "God bless him." The
people of the North will soon see the man that is
destined to flourish at no distant day at Washington
in a sanguinary affray. The Honorable gentleman is
well; but, he is evidently disquieted by the recollection
of what is yet to come.

I would not write you now, if it were not to re-
late a little incident that has just passed under my
observation. As I promenaded the deck an hour
since, I discovered sitting in the saloon of the boat,
my old friend B——, and his daughter Fanny
——, of ****. I was surprised to meet the
twain, and I was indeed alarmed when I found that
Fanny was in tears. But if the girl had melted
into sorrow, what must have been the sensations
of the Sire? Fanny was unhappy, aye most
wretchedly unhappy, and if I could have wept for
her, my tears should have flown freely and without
restraint. Her story was soon told, and you shall
have it from the lips of her friend—the fair and
frail one, who had with the blue-eyed Fan, em-
barked her fortune on board of a Steamer. Fanny
is the daughter of a wealthy and respectable gen-
tleman, who by dint of industry and close economy
at the age of fifty has accumulated a splendid
fortune. He loves his money bags and loves his
daughter—both with a devotion which a Priuli and
a Master Walter might envy. About three months
since, Fanny, the witch, became enamored of the
apprentice of a tallow chandler, and in a burning
letter of love, told to the unconscious youth the sto-
ry of her ardor. The tallow chandler was not in-
sensible to the claims of the fair suppliant; and in
a melting mood told her that he would become her
lord and master. The father detected the corre-
spondence, and vowed that none of his blood should
be crossed with tallow. Fanny remonstrated in
vain; when finding her father incorrigible she re-
solved on an elopement, and accompanied by her
cousin Julia, made a pilgrimage to the great com-
mercial Emporium of the Union. On her arrival
at the city of New York, the tallow chandler en-
quired for the treasures she had brought him; and
on being informed that she had nothing but her
wardrobe, he declined the honor of making good
his contract, and poor Fanny was told to re-
turn to her parents. Without friends and with-
out funds, Fanny now found herself in the city,
betrayed and deserted by her "loving lord and mas-
ter." She yielded herself to the bitterness of de-
spair; and in the midst of her grief and anguish
her father arrived, and reclaimed the fair one from
accumulated peril. She was received with joy
and many a kiss was imprinted upon her lips by
that father who had centered in her, all that he
held dear and sacred. Chagrined, mortified, and
defeated in all her projects, she is now on her way
to her patrimonial shades, and long may she live
to bless the father who has made her his age's dar-
ling, and to deprecate the duplicity of the unfaith-
ful and ungrateful dealer in lamp-wick and tallow.
Yours, &c.—*Boston Gazette.*

Coffee is thought a remedy for lowness of spirits.
A lady learnt the other day that her husband had
been killed in battle. "Ah, unhappy that I am!"
said she; "quick, bring me a cup of coffee!"

INSURANCE OF LETTERS.

Money sent by Mail to any Post Office in the United
States, or the British North American Provinces, will be insu-
red by application to B. BATES, at the New York Post Office.
Ample security is given for the repayment of the money, if lost.

RATES OF INSURANCE.

\$25 and under,	\$50 cents.
50 do.	75
100 do.	1 00
1000 3 per cent.	
2000 4 do.	
3000 4 do.	

Any sum above \$5000, such premium as may be agreed on.
my17 tf

JAMES PEARCE, MACHINIST, 114 Cliff st.
near Frankfort street, Lathe and Tool Maker, Manu-
facturer of Brass Counter Railing, Locksmith and Bell Hanger.
Every description of Brass and Iron Work finished to any
patron. All kinds of Dentists' Grind Stones fitted up. Smiths'
work in general. All kinds of Lapidary Machines fitted up.
All orders promptly attended to, and executed on very mode-
rate terms. o15 tf

COAL COOKING STOVES.—The subscribers offer
for sale, at No. 250 Water street, Parker's patent Coal
Cooking Stoves, adapted for the use of coal or wood, for city
and country use. These stoves can be surpassed by none for
simplicity, durability and economy.

Also a general assortment of Cooking Stoves, of the most
approved patterns, for wood, various patterns of open and close
Stoves, for burning wood or coal; and a general assortment of
TIN WARE. J. MONTFORT & Co. 250 Water st. o263m

MARSHALL'S INFALLIBLE REMEDY
FOR THE PILES.—This medicine is prepared from a
vegetable, and will be found a radical cure for that distressing
disorder. Since its discovery, (which was by mere accident,)
numbers have been cured, after having been afflicted for twenty
years. The first application affords great relief, and perfect
cure is effected in a few days. To convince the public it is a
sovereign remedy, the following certificate is subjoined.

City of New York, 13th Oct. 1833.—Having been afflicted
with the Piles for two years, and having applied for medical
aid in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, and New York, with-
out success, until advised by a friend to try Dr. Marshall's infal-
lible Remedy, which gave immediate relief, and proved a cure
within twenty four hours. JAMES DOWNE.

To be had only at B. Marshall's Drug Store, No. 54 Orange
street. Price—2oz. vials, 50 cents—4 oz. 1 dollar. o17 1m

UNITED STATES CLOTHES DRESSING
ESTABLISHMENT, 128 Broadway 2 doors
below Congress Hall. LOINES & POERSCHKE respectfully
inform their friends and the public, that they have commenced
business at the above stand, where they will attend to clean-
ing and dressing Clothes by Steam, upon an entire new plan,
and will warrant them, (if not too much worn,) to appear
equal to new.

POERSCHKE, from Poland, from his practical knowledge
of this business, in England, France, Spain, Germany and Rus-
sia, can assure those, who will favor them with their custom,
that they will be convinced of their superior skill and ability
in the business of Clothes cleaning, dressing and repairing.

This business has heretofore been neglected in this country.
The public are now informed, that on application to LOINES
and POERSCHKE, their commands will be promptly an-
swered, and the work done to their entire satisfaction. je20tf

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND
SHEET IRON WARE STORE.—W. M. H. SWEET
respectfully informs his friends and customers in this city and
its vicinity, and dealers in the Southern States, that he has ex-
tended his business so as to meet all orders, both Wholesale and
Retail, at a short notice. He continues his establishment at
the corner of Canal and Hudson streets, where he will com-
pete with any workman in the United States in Manufacturing
Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, in all its various branches, for
machinists, families, &c.

STOVES of the most approved patterns, both for wood and
coal, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

Kitchen Ware Furniture of every description constantly on
hand.

Southern merchants will find it to their interest to deal with
him, as his prices are low and his delivery punctual.

o28 W. H. SWEET.

MANIFOLD WRITER.—J. GILCHRIST manu-
factures and keeps for sale this convenient and useful
article, at his establishment, 102 Broadway, New York, where
the public are invited to call and examine the article for them-
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N. B. This apparatus, for simplicity and despatch, surpasses
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DAVID B. COOK & C. MORRIS, MERCHANT
TAILORS, No. 44 Fulton street, 3 doors from Pearl
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N. B.—Southern and Northern Merchants' and all other
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any other plan for the sacking bottom Bedsteads. The
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ordinary bedsteads; have sacking similarly constructed with
them, and can be taken down at will with the utmost ease and
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without the least injury to their beauty or use as a parlor sofa.
These bedsteads have been considered of such decided supe-
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last three successive anniversaries of the American Institute.
Attention is respectfully invited to the "Chair Bedstead," in-
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Medical Profession, and is of such great benefit to persons con-
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The extensive sale which the Instruments of their manu-
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any thing with regard to the quality of the instruments bearing
their name; they can only add, that the result of many years'
experience in this branch of manufacture, added to the ex-
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to offer advantages to purchasers equal to any other house in
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